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WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 24, 1806.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

THF LAY PREACHER.

"Watchman, what of the night!"

To this query of Isaiah the watchman makes, I think, but a simple reply; and tells the prophet what, if he had the least smattering of astronomy, he must have well known before, "that the morning cometh, and also the night." Any old Almanac could have said as much. I think that night, however sooty and ill favoured it may be pronounced by those, who were born under a day-star, merits a more particular description. I feel peculiarly disposed to arrange some ideas in favour of this season. I know that the majority are literally *blind* to its merits; they must be prominent, indeed, to be discerned by the *closed* eyes of the snorer, who thinks that night was made for nothing but sleep. But the student and the sage are willing to believe that it was formed for higher purposes; and that it not only recruits exhausted spirits, but sometimes informs inquisitive and amends wicked ones.

Duty, as well as inclination, urges the Lay Preacher to sermonize, while others slumber. To read numerous volumes in the morning, an to observe various characters at noon, will leave but little time, except the night, to digest the one or speculate upon the other. The night, therefore, is often dedicated to composition, and while the light of the paly planets discovers at his desk the preacher, more wan than they, he may be heard repeating emphatically with Dr. Young,

Darkness has much divinity for me.

He is then alone, he is then at peace. No companions near, but silent volumes on his shelf, no noise abroad but the click of the village clock, or the bark of the village dog. The deacon has then smoked his sixth, and last pipe, and asks not a question more, concerning Josephus, or the church. Stillness aids study, and the sermon proceeds. Such being the obligations to night, it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge them. As my watchful eyes can discern its dim beauties, my warm heart shall feel, and my prompt pen shall describe, the uses and the pleasures of the nocturnal hour.

Watchman, what of the night? I can, with propriety imagine this question addressed to myself. I am a professed lucubrator, and who so well qualified to delineate the sable hours, as

A meagre, muse rid mope, adust and thin.

However injuriously night is treated by the sleepy moderns, the vigilance of

the ancients could not overlook its benefits and joys. In as early a record as the book of Genesis, I find that Isaac, though he devoted his assiduous days to action, reserved speculation till night. "He went out to meditate in the field at the eventide." He chose that sad, that solemn hour, to reflect upon the virtues of a beloved and departed mother. The tumult and glare of day, suited not with the sorrow of his soul. He had lost his most amiable, most genuine friend, and his unostentatious grief was eager for privacy and shade. Sincere sorrow rarely suffers its tears to be seen. It was natural for Isaac to select a season to weep in, which should resemble "the colour of his fate."—The darkness, the solemnity, the stillness of eve, were favourable to his melancholy purpose. He forsook, therefore, the bustling tents of his father, the pleasant "south country," and "well of Lahairoi," he went out and pensively meditated at the eventide.

The Grecian and Roman philosophers firmly believed that the "dead of midnight is the noon of thought." One of them is beautifully described by the poet, as soliciting knowledge from the skies, in private and nightly audience, and that neither his theme nor his nightly walks were forsaken till the sun appeared and dimmed his "nobler intellectual beam." We undoubtedly owe to the studious nights of the ancients, most of their elaborate and immortal productions. Among them it was necessary that every man of letters should trim the midnight lamp. The day might be given to the Forum or the Circus, but the night was the season for the statesman to project his schemes, and for the poet, to pour his verse. Night has likewise, with great reason, been considered, in every age, as the astronomer's day. Young observes, with energy, that "an undevout astronomer is mad." The privilege of contemplating those brilliant and numerous myriads of planets, which bedeck our skies, is peculiar to night, and it is our duty, both as lovers of moral and natural beauty, to bless that season, when we are indulged with such a gorgeous display of glittering and useful radiance. It must be confessed that the seclusion, calmness, and tranquility of midnight, is most friendly to serious and even airy contemplations. Milton, in one of his poems, says fervently,

Let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
——To unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansions in this fleshy nook.

The rigid Dr. Johnson was so convinced that late hours were auxiliary to the *feast of reason, and flow of soul*, that he used to declare, "no man but a scoundrel, went to bed before midnight." This expression was, perhaps, too strong, and he would not have used it, had he lived in a farm house. But his love of the conversation of men of letters, and his experience that Fancy is generally most wakeful, when Dullness sleeps, tempted him to employ a phrase which must startle every labourer, who by mere lassitude of limb, is compelled early to retire.

Night being friendly to playful, no less than to metaphysical and abstract thought, not only the author and statesman watch, but likewise the sons of sociability and glee. Those, who "eat the bread of carefulness," go soon to bed, to digest their meal, and leave the darkened hours to be enjoyed by men of genius or wasted by men of pleasure. St. Paul avers that they that be drunken, are drunken in the night, and I know that its broad mantle is

frequently employed to cover excess from the world. Still the arrival of night is greeted by many, who wish neither to sleep, nor drink it away. Conversation often holds a levee at midnight, and Wit, Sentiment, and Song, like the Fairies, assemble and sport before the cock crow. I think it treason to this sable power, who holds divided empire with day, constantly to shut our eyes at her approach. To long sleep I am decidedly a foe. As it is expressed by a quaint writer, we shall all have enough of that in the grave. Those, who cannot break the silence of night by vocal throat, or eloquent tongue, may be permitted to disturb it by a snore. But he, among my readers who possesses the power of fancy and strong thought, should be vigilant as a watchman. Let him sleep abundantly for health, but sparingly for sloth. It is better, sometimes, to consult a page of philosophy than the pillow.

From Goldsmith's Citizen of the World.

The English love their wives with much passion, the Hollanders with much prudence. The English, when they give their hands, frequently give their hearts; the Dutch give the hand, but keep the heart wisely in their own possession. The English love with violence, and expect violent love in return; the Dutch are satisfied with the slightest acknowledgements, for they give little away.—The English expend many of the matrimonial comforts in the first year; the Dutch frugally husband out their pleasures, and are always constant, because they are always indifferent.

There seems very little difference between a Dutch bridegroom and a Dutch husband. Both are equally possessed of the same cool unexpecting serenity; they can see neither Elysium nor Paradise behind the curtain; and VIFFROW is not more a goddess on the wedding night, than after twenty years matrimonial acquaintance. On the other hand, many of the English marry, in order to have one happy month in their lives; they seem incapable of looking beyond that period; they unite in hopes of finding rapture, and disappointed in that, disdain ever to accept of happiness. From hence we see open hatred ensue; or, what is worse, concealed disgust under the appearance of fulsome endearment. Much formality, great civility, and studied compliments, are exhibited in public; cross looks, sulky silence, or open recrimination, fill up their hours of private entertainment.

Hence I am taught, whenever I see a new married couple more than ordinarily fond before faces, to consider them as attempting to impose upon the company or themselves, either hating each other heartily, or consuming that stock of love in the beginning of their course, which should serve them through the whole journey. Neither side should expect those instances of kindness which are inconsistent with true freedom or happiness to bestow. Love when founded in the heart, will shew itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool deliberate exhibition of the passion, only argues little understanding, or great insincerity.

Randolph

ON CENSURE.

BY SWIFT.

Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure :
Or how this evil can be born,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare Innocence is no support,
When you are tried in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honor, wealth or wit;
All others who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join and drag you to the ground.
Your attitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the *power* to rise.
The world a willing stander by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie ;
Alas, they would not do you wrong,
But all appearances are strong.
Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say ?
For let mankind discharge their tongues,
In venom till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or toothe, or finger ache ;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place ;
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak or what they think ;
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies,
Make you less virtuous, learn'd or wise.
The most effectual way to baulk
Their malice is——to let them talk.

MERCY.

BY SELLECK OSBORN.

To crown Creation's mighty plan,
Th' Almighty mandate thunder'd forth,
"Let procreant Earth produce a MAN!"
And straight the creature sprung to birth.

Health, strength and beauty cloth'd his frame ;
He mov'd with majesty and grace ;
A bright, a pure angelic flame
Illum,d each feature of his face.

Upon his brow sat calm repose,
His eyes with love & mildness shone ;
Till a grim band of imps arose,
And mark'd the victim for their own;

There HATE, in livid hues, pourtray'd
The gnashing teeth, the bloodshot eye;
There curst INGRATITUDE display'd
The foulest blot, the blackest dye.

And AVARICE, ambitious too,
To plant her odious image there,
Cast o'er his cheeks a sallow hue,
And wrinkled marks of worldly care.

In wrath th' ETERNAL view'd the stain
Which marr'd the offspring of his word,
Spurn'd the weak wretch with high disdain,
And bade stern JUSTICE lift her sword !

But MERCY, heaven's loveliest child,
Imploring, knelt before the throne—
Alternate pray'd, and wept, and smil'd,
With angel sweetness all her own—

Then turn'd to MAN, with kind embrace,
And wept to see his dire decay—
Her tears fell plenteous on his face,
And wash'd the hideous blots away !

THE TEAR.

ANONYMOUS.

How seldom in this desart vale,
Congenial happiness we find ;
Seldom that friendship's steady gale
Reanimates the drooping mind !
Some passing breeze to sorrow dear,
Dries but awhile the bitter tear !

Scarce bud the wishes of the heart,
When, blighted by distrust they die ;
We feel the sun of bliss depart,
And o'er our fairest prospects sigh !
Some passing breeze to sorrow dear,
Dried but awhile the bitter tear !

Ah ! when to ills no more a prey,
Shall yet the wearied soul repose ?
Soon and behold earth's toilsome day
An everlasting sabbath close !
Fresh from the tree of life, is near
The breeze that dries the bitter tear !

SELECTED.

THE CAMELION.

M. Golberry, during his residence in Africa, ascertained the faculty attributed to this animal, of living upon air alone for a considerable length of time: he confined five camelions in seperate cages, surrounded by a fine gauze, so as to exclude any insect, or substance of any description, floating in the air. In a few days they became thin, and acquired a blackish grey colour, a certain sign of their distress; but having arrived at a great degree of leanness, they remained in the same state for the space of a month, without any evident diminution of their strength. At the end of two months, they became so weak and languid as to be unable to move from the bottom of their cages—their skins became almost black, their eyes heavy, and they could not inflate themselves to more than half their usual size; they at length became nothing more than animated skeletons. The first that died existed 89 days without food; the second 91 days; the third 105 days; the fourth 115 days. The fifth camelion had been 116 days without food, when M. Golberry set it at liberty, and in a fortnight it recovered colour and strength, shortly after which it escaped from his further observation.

The camelion lays motionless on a bough, or in the grass, and lets its glutinous tongue (which resembles an earthworm) hang pendant; the tongue is probably gifted with a scent, by which small insects are attracted, and when covered with them, it is drawn in with astonishing rapidity. Referring to their colour, M. Golberry says—"When I kept my camelions in a cage, and plagued or tormented them, I saw that they laboured under anguish and rage, which they sensibly expressed by respiring the air so strongly that its force became audible; soon after which these animals became lean, and their fine green colour was tarnished. On continuing to tease them, they became a yellow green! then a yellow, spotted with red: then a yellow brown, spotted with red brown; next a brown grey, marked with black. At length they became thinner, and assumed different shades; but these were the only colours I could succeed in making them adopt."—M. G. wrapped them in different coloured stuffs, and left them for whole days in that state, but the colour of the animal was never effected by the practice, and he is of opinion that the change of colour is produced by its internal motions, and the influence of heat or cold, light and darkness, health, ease, &c. The camelion has a power peculiar to itself, of moving its eyes in every direction, and entirely independent of each other.

The camelion is so organized as not only to inhale a very great qanity of air, but also to retain, absorb, and digest this fluid, which penetrates and filters through all parts of the body, so that even the feet, tail, and eyes are filled with it.

EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

"Prohibition often creates eager and intemperate wishes towards objects, which we should otherwise seek after moderately, if at all."

It is not an easy question to decide, whether it is a more common fault in education to indulge children too far in certain instances, or to restrict them too rigourously in others. If we take a critical view of human life, we shall probably find a considerable proportion of the most abandoned characters, that disturb and disgrace society, to have originated from parents of very scrupulous piety, and severe and exalted morality. Such over exact people draw the cords of discipline so hard, that they must inevitably break asunder. They express the strongest detestation, and bear unrelenting testimony against many recreations and pastimes, which only cease to be innocent when carried to excess, and which would seldom be carried to excess, were a proper medium of indulgence seasonably observed.

The children of austere, unaccommodating parents, discover a stronger inclination for some pleasures and amusements which *are prohibited*, than they do for others, more tempting in themselves, which *are not* barred by

such prohibitions. It is evident therefore that the prohibition itself gives the principal edge to the temptation.

There are two sources of inordinate love of pleasure that should be guarded against. One of them consists in indulging recreation to so great a degree, that we feel pain in refraining from it, because it has become so fixed a habit as not to be laid aside without reluctance. The habit of enjoying constitutes in this instance, the principal stimulous to gratification. The other source depends on a cause exactly the reverse. Some youth, by being prohibited from diversions, affix an imaginary delight to the enjoyment, so much greater than the reality would afford, that their desire to trespass becomes irresistable. They are tempted to taste what is forbidden. Had they been left free, it is ten chances to one, whether the object had contained charms sufficient to attract their attention. Imagination is on the wing, stamps a value on what is indifferent, and creates a passion which runs into extremes. The ardour of inclination is heightened by the satisfaction that is felt in violating an unreasonable command, and passing over restrictions that are founded in superstition or austerity.

But this is not the worst of it. When attemps are made to draw children into a belief that all pleasures are vices, and that all vices are equally abominable and injurious, they make no distinction between actions of moral demerit, and those which are only deemed wrong by the caprice, the ignorance or the over exact maxims of their parents. The consequence of such an error is dreadful to think of. A child of common sense may persuade himself that he is forbidden many gratifications which are not intrinsically wrong. From a sprightliness of imagination he will easily be enticed to break over parental authority in such things as he sees other people practice without inconvenience or reproach. The effect of shis disobedience is, that he gradually accustoms himself to disregard the admonitions of his parents, and is instigated into actions which he would never commit had his parental restrictions been confined within reasonable limits.

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INDEPENDENCE IS A DREAM.

"No one lives for himself." ST. PAUL.

AN INDEPENDENT MAN is a glorious object in *theory*, but in practice an impossibility. Independence is a state as contrary to the laws of nature as the laws of nations. With regard to the former, look through the whole creation, and you will see how beautifully it is contrived; that every thing alive or animate, shall be linked together in a chain of progressive *dependencies*. The flower cannot blossom without the assistance of the sun: the heat of the sun is tempered by the shower. The moisture of April prepares the earth for the fragrance of May? the glow of June ripens the fruits of summer, and produces the variegated beauties of the vegetable world!

Take a short view of the animal system. Man teaches the horse to be obedient; the horse, in return, devotes his service to the use of the man. The milk of the cow would be painful were it not relieved by the exertion of human industry, and human industry is rewarded by the produce. The faithful dog loves the master by whom he is fed, the man is indebted to the brute for keeping the wolf from the flock; a new debt of gratitude here begins; and thus you may stretch the line from the ant, or the mole hill, to the bulky elephant.

Every thing exists by favour, obligation, and the dependency which some affect to treat with scorn. Man, of all others has the reason most potent for admiration of this benevolent system. The most helpless tribe of animals, he is dependent from his birth. Born almost without instinct, he comes into the world a crying feeble creature. Indebted to his mother and his nurse for years that his brains are not dashed out; unable to procure sustenance for an hour, he owes all his boasted faculties to the industry of others. He gleans one idea in this place, a second in another, and all the knowledge of which he is so ridiculously proud, is but the one vast loan, for which he has been a dependant on the invention and the ingenuity of other men. He arrives at boyhood: were he then left a free and independant agent, in the name of

Heaven, what would become of him? He might run about like a wild cat, or a monkey, and the glory of the creation be degraded to the state of a brute. Nature has ordained dependence as the origin, the final cause of emancipation and freedom.

We now take man in his last and most important state: he has reached the age of one-and-twenty—what is he then? Without the experience of men double his age, he would be a cork floating on the surface of a troubled ocean; a mere feather subject to every gust of passion, every puff of caprice! Dependency still preserves him: he depends on a father for instruction, on a friend for advice, on a wife for love, on a child for duty, on the world for every thing! A man abstracted from all these ties is a savage; he is a monster divided from his species, a link hewn off from the long general chain! A social savage is a farce, a jest, a grimace! No man ever was, can, or will be a really *independent* man. The rich must depend upon the poor for labour, the poor on the rich for support; thus the grand machine moves on in sublime simplicity, jarring atoms are composed, and every thing finds its proper level. It is this teaches the parent to watch its little offspring, it is this insrtucts the pious youth to remunerate parents' kindness, when second childhood m akes the father again depend for life on the being to whom he has given it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MOTION OF THE WORLD.

M. Bezenberg, professor of physic and astronomy at Dusseldorff, has given an account of twenty-eight experiments made with balls well turned and polished, which were caused to fall from a height of 262 French feet. At a medium, they produced five lines deviation towards the east, according to the determination of the plumb line, and the theory gives four lines and sixtenths. These experiments were made in the coal-mines of Schebush, and are an additional proof of the rotatory movement of the earth.

Duel.—Yesterday morning at day-break, two *heroes*, the one an *artificial florist*, and the other a *German Doctor*, met in Canoubury-fields, attended by their seconds, to fight a duel, in consequence of the former having degraded the profession of the latter by the appellation of *Quack*. The parties fired without, of course, doing any mischief, the pistols being loaded with powder only, and in the second fire the Doctor appeared covered with blood and actually exclaimed "*I am a dead man!*" The pistol was loaded with blood, but the joke was carried to such a length, that the Doctor was put to bed, when he arranged his family matters. *Lon. pap.*

ABSENCE OF MIND.

The following Anecdote, related by Madam, the widow of Monsieur, only brother of Louis XIV. in her letters lately published, may operate as a warning to our fair readers, how they indulge themselves in absence of mind. Speaking of Madam Gordon, she says, "She was remarkable for perpetual absence of mind—and had a habit of unbuttoning the coat of every body she was speaking to: Monsieur, my husband, desired her one day to tell something from him to the Chevalier Beuveron, Captain of his guards, a very tall man, and she being very short, and unable to reach his waistcoat, begun to unbutton him below; the Captain astonished, jumped back, crying "Madam what would you have?"—and the whole Assembly burst into a fit of laughter.

FINESSE.

A Roman Catholic curate, to free himself of the great labour of confessions in Lent, gave notice to his parishoners, that on Monday he should confess the *liars*; on Thuesday, the *misers*; on Wednesday, the *slanderers*; on Thursday, the *thieves*; on Friday, the *libertines*; and on Saturday, the *bad women*. His scheme succeeded—none attended.

FEELING AND FORTITUDE.

The man blessed with a feeling heart, yet deprived of a firm mind, like the precious full-eared corn, bends at every pressure, is the sport of every breath. The calous hearted man, whatever be his mental powers, resembles the collosal marble column; we admire its strength and shape; but from its cold touch and shelterless capital, we turn to the leafy bower, and to the warm cottage. He alone is perfect in his nature, whose energies of mind are tempered by the softer feelings; he then receives uncorrupted the sun of prosperity; and though often exposed to, is never borne down by, the blast of adverse fortune; he bears about him, for himself and for others, every flower that sweetens the path of life—every fruit that invigorates him cheerfully.

MIS-SPENT TIME.

Milton has the following remarks upon mis-spent time:—Hours have wings, and fly up to the Author of time, and carry news of our usage. All our prayers cannot intreat one of them either to return or slacken his pace, every minute mis-spent, is a new record against us in Heaven. Sure, if we thought thus, we would dismiss them with better report, and not suffer them to go away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence! How happy is it that every hour should convey up, not only the message, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days, to speak for us before his glorious throne!

A SINGULAR IDEA.

People are scandalized, if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day; yet why might not I laugh to think what a bustle is here about my head? [*Pope.*

SONG.

FROM WINE ROSY WINE.

Tune.....*Dear Tom this brown jug.*

From wine, rosy wine, what advantages rise,
Sole abiter this in disputes of the wise,
The sons of Apollo and Venus from this
Imbibe inspiration and snatch at their bliss.

The sportsman adventures o'er mountains and dales,
Subduing the game, 'tis the wine that prevails:
The victor pursues till no foe can escape,
Less aided by Mars than the juice of the grape.

And hence the young lover possest of his maid,
To Cupid returns little thanks for his aid
Not attributing all his succeses divine,
To the force of his passion, but strength of his wine.

Then let no malicious intrusion destroy
The ties of affection, the smiles of our joy;
But suffer this goblet your anger to wave,
And end the disputes of the wise and the brave.

[*Emerald.*] AMARANTHUS.

MARRIED,

At Gloucester, Dr. John Kittredge, to Miss Mary Plummer. At Manchester, Capt. Israel Forster, to Miss Hannah Story. At Beverly, Capt. Samuel Goodridge, to Mrs. Anna Kettell.

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